THE
First Book
OF
VIRGILS
ÆNEIS.

Made *ENGLISH.*

Licensed, *Sept.* 30. 1687.
RO. L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON

Printed, and are to be Sold by *Randal Taylor*, near *Stationers-Hall.* MDCLXXXVII. 12. *Decemb:*

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TO THE READER.

THE *Author of the following Essay, as he never pretended to Poetry of himself, so is very sensible how in offering this to the World, he exposes himself to the Censures of those who do; he can alledge nothing to Excuse his Boldness; but those two Idols of the Age,* Love *and* Ambition; *Love to that best of Poets, who has so long unhappily continued a stranger to tolerable* English; *and Ambition to make a tryal upon that which Mr.* Dryden *represents as so difficult, if not a wholly Impossible task. He could not but think* Phaetons Magnis tamen excidit ausis *a very considerable Honour; and that however he might fail, others excited by his attempt, might perform greater things: He had been an admirer of* Virgil *from his Childish years, finding somewhat Delightful in him at that Age, when he scarce knew how to make use of a* Dutch *Commentator; Elder years confirm'd and increas'd his former Admiration. He observ'd how* Play-

er, *and* Stainhurſt, *of old, and how* Ogilby, *of late, had Murder'd the moſt abſolute of Poets; how* Sandys, Denham, *and* Waller, *had undertaken ſome ſcatter'd Parcels without any deſign of Proſecuting the Work; he pitty'd the Hard Fortune of ſo Divine an Author, and therefore reſolv'd with himſelf, if encouraged with the Approbation of Sufficient Judges, and a continuing Life, to Naturalize that Prince of Poets. He thinks his recreative Hours can no way be more Nobly employ'd; his Conſtant task is Severe and Difficult; his Studies Moroſe and Ill-natur'd, and at the greateſt diſtance imaginable from Poetry; yet ſince he muſt unbend ſometimes, be this the Work of his vacant Hours, till he compleat the entire Tranſlation. He pretends not to a Literal Verſion, and has good Preſidents for his Paraphraſtic way; he's yet but a beginner, and may advance to ſomewhat higher, if not cruſh'd too ſoon: his kind or juſt Cenſurers be Honours, to the Moroſe he ſays with* Martial, **Carpere vel noli noſtra vel ede tua.**

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

Virgils Æneis,

Made *ENGLISH.*

I, who from humble Tunes on ſlender Reeds,
Advanc'd to Woods, from Woods to teeming Seeds
And fruitful Soils, and taught keen Raſties how
With growing hopes their meaneſt Fields to Plow;
Now riſe, and ſoaring on a ſtronger Wing,
Of Martial Deeds in lofty numbers Sing.

BVC

I Sing fierce Wars, and that great Man, whom Fate
Drew from *Troys* ruin'd Walls, and ſinking State,
To wander long, till *Italy*'s wiſh'd Shore
The weary'd Troops and Godlike Heroe bore;
Oft was he wreck'd, oft loſt, while Seas and Lands
Conſpir'd with angry *Juno*'s ſtern Commands,

Oft preſt by VVars, while he *Lavinium* rais'd,
And *Trojan* Gods in *Latian* Temples prais'd;
From whence the *Latin* Race and Fathers come,
The grand Originals of our Eternal *Rome.*

Tell me, my Muſe, why Heavens triumphant Queen
Purſu'd *Troys* Reliques with ſuch laſting Spleen:
Rais'd horrid Broils and dreadful Tempeſts round,
That Men ſo far for Pious Acts Renown'd?
How had he Sinn'd? or can thoſe Powers above,
Like Men, obdurate and revengeful prove?

Againſt the Mouths of ſlow-pac'd *Tibers* flood,
On *Afric*'s Shore, an Ancient City ſtood,
By its firſt *Tyrian* Founders *Carthage* nam'd,
For VVealth amaſs'd, and VVars rough Glories fam'd;
This place, ev'n more than *Samos*, *Juno* lov'd,
Here fixt her Arms, and here their Hopes improv'd;
And had dark Fate her kind deſigns allow'd,
The Conquer'd VVorld had to her Darling bow'd.

But now fore-warn'd that *Troys* advancing race,
Should *Tyrian* lofty Towers and Walls deface,
That Fates decreed *Rome*'s conquering Sword ſhould awe
Her *Lybian* Friends, and give the Nations Law;

The

The Goddeſs fear'd it, and revolving long
Her former vengeance for the *Grecians* wrong,
When againſt *Troy* ſhe firſt in Arms engag'd,
Nor yet her anger ceas'd, nor griefs aſſwag'd;
Falſe *Paris* Doom and ſlighted Beautys mov'd,
And *Troys* baſe ſtock, and Ganymede belov'd:
Deep were theſe Ancient Wounds which now renew'd,
She the calm cover'd Oceans boſome view'd,
Cover'd with *Troys* laſt hopes, ſcarce well reſtor'd
From furious *Greeks*, and ſtern *Achilles* Sword;
She the poor Exiles long from *Latium* drove,
Long they with Seas, and long with Tempeſts ſtrove;
So far *Jove*'s mighty Queen forc'd bending Fate!
So vaſt the toyls to found *Rome*'s Infant State!
The Land ſcarce loſt, with jocund ſhouts again
They hoyſe, and ſwiftly cut the foaming Main,
When *Juno*, with inveterate Rage oppreſt,
Thus vents the furies of her Ulcer'd Breaſt.
Muſt I, poor vanquiſh'd Wretch, deſiſt? I yield?
And Troys *great King poſſeſs the deſtin'd Field?*
I croſs'd by Fates? Pallas *(forſooth) might greet*
With Winds and Fires the guiltleſs Grecian *Fleet,*

For one Mans crime : She rapid Lightnings threw,
In Wrecks and Storms the diſmal Tempeſts flew :
On pointed Rocks expiring Ajax *daſh'd,*
His guilty flying Soul revenging flames embrac'd ;
But I, Heavens Queen, Jove's *Wife and Siſter, great*
In ſwelling Names, ſtarr'd, baffled, ſcorn'd, Retreat,
After long ſtrife, from conquer'd outcaſts ; now
What Fops muſt to Almighty Titles bow ?
What Fools e're offer Incenſe where they find
A Gods weak Powers to ſtronger Mans reſign'd ?

By ſuch dark thoughts enflam'd, the Goddeſs flyes
Where heavy Clouds and furious South winds riſe :
Here *Æolus* in vaſt Caverners binds
The noiſy Tempeſts, and contending Winds
Here chain'd, the Hills with angry Murmurs ſound,
And roomthy Caves with ſtruggling Rocks rebound :
On Towering Rocks the Scepter'd Monarch reigns,
Their horrid force and boyſtrous rage retains.
For Seas, Earth, Air, were thoſe wild Mates unbound,
One mighty Tempeſt muſt at once confound :
Jove's Power ſecures them all ; the brooding Wind
In gloomy hollows he at firſt confin'd ;

On

On them huge Rocks and weighty Mountains roll'd,
Then made a King, whoſe ſolid ſtrength ſhould hold
The Scepter, whoſe obſequious Skill ſhould know
To curb the Slaves, or give them leave to blow:
Him thus the Queen entreats;

Æolus, for to thee Jove *grants power to quell*
Rough Winds, or make the reſtleſs Ocean ſwell,
A Nation falſe to me now Plow the Seas;
With dreams of Italy *their fancy pleaſe:*
Thither Troy's *luckleſs ruins they'l Tranſlate,*
Their baffled Gods muſt there reſume their State.
Haſt, raiſe, fierce guſts, daſh, ſink their Navys all,
By Storms o're-born, in one great Funeral.
Twice ſeven fair Nymphs attend me; I'le beſtow
Her whoſe free Shape and Youthful Beautys ſlow
With Nobleſt Air on thee, her Womb ſhall pay
The mighty Debts of this obliging day;
Nor ſhall her Years, or Loves, or Charms decay.

Æolus ſtraight reply'd; *It's on your Hands*
To will, on mine to ſerve your High Commands:
To You, Great Queen, I Crowns and Scepters owe:
By You, I Jove's *immortal favours know:*

You

You taught the Guſtoes of Ambroſial food,
And you theſe pliant Clouds and Winds ſubdu'd;
He ſaid, and with his Maſſie Scepters ſtroke
Their ſolid Bars the trembling Mountains broke;
Out burſt the ruffling Winds and rake the ſhore,
At once *South*, *Eaſt* and *Weſtern* Tempeſts roar:
With horrid force they ſhake the boundleſs Deep,
Where ſilent ſprings and Parent waters ſleep;
Whole Seas to ſhores the monſtrous Billows rowl,
And threatning Thunders ſhake the fartheſt Pole:
The crys of Men, and whiſtling ſhrouds around,
And gathering Clouds the yielding Light confound;
Swift ſtreaks of livid Fires, all diſmal bright,
Shoot through the Shades of that profounder night;
Pale fear in every Face Triumphant ſate,
The Storm, the Time, the Darkneſs, all were Fate:
Ænæas, trembling with Paternal fear,
With deep drawn ſighs, his Pious Hands did rear
To angry Heaven, and thus his woes expreſt;
Happy ye Men, O more than Mortals bleſt,
Who for their Dear, their Native Country dy'd,
By mourning Friends, with Tears and Urns ſupply'd!

Why,

Why, brave Tydides, *would falſe Fate retrieve*
My life from thee? What gallant Soul could grieve
To haunt thoſe Shades where Godlike Hector *fell,*
And Joves *great Son, where ſlaughter'd Armies ſwell*
The Sanguine Streams, and ſcatter'd Swords and Shields
Damn'd up the Rivers, and obſcur'd the Fields?
Complaining thus, a ſudden *Northern* Gale,
With flying Waves, ſtruck thwart the rending Sail;
His Oars all ſpent, a ruffling Whirlwind caught
The Hulk, and round the wavy Mountains wrought:
Some ride on Waves, thick Ooze is rack'd by ſome,
Among looſe Sands the raging Eddyes foam;
A ridge of ſharp blind Rocks thoſe Seas divide
Call'd *Aræ* now, bar'd by each falling Tide;
Three Ships on theſe a *Southern* fury threw,
Three more on Shelves impetuous *Eaſt* winds blew,
And round the working Sands like riſing Bulwarks grew.
Honeſt *Orontes*, with his *Lycian* Train
Juſt in his view ſnatch'd by an Hurricane.
The Ship o're-ſet, the Pilot headlong flew,
And down the Veſſel whole, a rapid VVhirlpool drew.

Now

Now Planks and Arms, and *Trojan* wealth around,
Are floating on the working Billows found;
Itioneus, *Achates*, *Abas*, Old
Alethes Ships, the ſtorm at pleaſure roll'd;
Where toſt and hurry'd, through a thouſand Lakes,
Twelve Foot in hold, the Fateful Torrent breaks.
But *Neptune* now rouz'd from his Oozy ſeat,
Obſerv'd the Deeps, the Mother Waters beat,
And ſwell and murmur, and an uncouch Storm,
His liquid Empires Ancient peace deform:
From the vaſt Deeps he look'd, and rais'd in haſte
His peaceful Head above the diſmal waſte;
Æneas Fleet, and *Trojan* wrecks in view,
He ſoon his Siſters Arts and Malice knew;
Then calls the Winds, and with an angry frown:
From your high Births, Are you ſo Sawcy grown,
You Winds, my Leave unask'd, the World confound?
By you theſe Billows, watry Mountains bound,
I de break----But firſt, we'l ſtill the working Seas;
No more we'll pardon ſuch bold Crimes as theſe:
Haſt, fly, be gone, your little Viceroy tell,
To us the Oceans far ſpread Empire fell:

We wield the dreadful Trident; let him hold
His huge bare Rocks anenvy'd, uncontroul'd,
In Priſons inſolent, and with Slaves be bold.
He ſpoke, the Seas a ſudden Calm o'reſpread,
From bright Sun-beams the gathering Tempeſts fled:
Cymothee and *Triton* kindly bore
The foundring Veſſels off the Rocky Shore:
He with his Trident, gaping Sands divides,
Bears off the Fleet with gently riſing Tydes,
And then in Triumph o're the calmer Ocean rides.
As when Sedition moves the ſenſeleſs Croud,
Their Hearts unbounded, and their Furies loud,
And Stones and Fire-brands fighting parties throw;
And Rage finds Arms, and Madneſs guides the blow;
If then they ſpy ſome Man, for worth renown'd,
His Reverend Years with awful Wiſdom crown'd,
The Rout all huſh'd, with deep attention ſtands,
He ſmooths their Paſſions, and their Souls commands:
So on ſmooth Streams the yielding Billows fell,
The Gods auſpicious Brows all Storms diſpel,
While through clear Air he gently bends his Reins,
And on ſwift Wheels flys o're the Wavy Plains:

The wearied *Trojans* make the neareſt Land,
And ſteer directly for the *Lybian* Strand.
In a deep Bay, a pretty Iſlet forms
A Port, ſecure from ſight, ſecure from ſtorms;
Againſt whoſe ſides the mounting Billows broke,
Recoil in Eddyes from the noiſie ſtroke:
Huge Rocks on both hands ſeem to touch the Skies,
The Sea beneath all calm and ſilent lies;
On this ſide Woods a gloomy Scene encloſe,
Whoſe thick ſet Leaves a reverend Shade compoſe;
On that cool Grotts, by artleſs Hangings done,
Within ſweet Springs, and ſeats of Native Stone.
Hither fair Nymphs from Summers heats retire;
Here Ships no Chains, nor Anchors hold require.
Here rides *Æneas* with his broken Fleet,
Reduc'd to ſeven, with joyful ſhouts they greet
The Land, and leap to ſhore, their Limbs at eaſe,
And Clothes well dry'd, the fainting Saylors pleaſe.
Sparks from ſharp Flint *Achates* ſtrikes, the ſame
Fed with dry'd Chips and Leaves, commenc'd a flame:
Their tainted Wheat aſhore they nimbly take,
And dry'd the ground, for craving Hunger bake.

Æneas climb'd the Rocks, and view'd around
The Seas wide Proſpect, could he thence have found
His ſhatter'd Galleys looſe diſpers'd about,
Or *Capys* or *Caycus* Ancient out.
No Ship at laſt, no Flag, no Sail deſcry'd,
Three ſtraggling Deer from his high ſtand he ſpy'd,
Behind vaſt Herds in fruitful Valleys feed:
Achates call'd, He ſnatch'd his Shafts with ſpeed,
And knotty Bow, which with ſtrong Arms he drew,
And firſt the lofty Branched Leaders ſlew:
Thoſe kill'd, the nimble Darts at random rove,
With certain Death, among the trembling Drove:
Nor ſtopt his hand till ſeven huge Staggs deſtroy'd,
With welcome ſhares, his hungry Mates employ'd;
Rich Wines, the kind *Aceſtes* gift, before
He left *Sicilia*'s hoſpitable ſhore,
With equal Care the gentle Prince beſtows,
And thus with ſoft kind words allays their woes:

O Friends, by Heavens from mighty ills ſet free,
Courage at laſt the end of theſe may ſee:
You ſtormy Streights and diſmal Whirlpools paſt,
On barbarous Shores and barren Deſarts caſt:

Chear up my Mates, ſorte off ignoble fear,
Dangers well paſt with chearful hearts you'll bear ;
Through Toyls, and Pains, and various dangers hurl'd,
We'll graſp at Latium, *where a ſmiling World ;*
Where Troy *reviv'd, and Crowns and Scepters wait*
Our hopes, the Largeſs of relenting Fate.

Thus he diſcours'd, though rack'd with mighty care,
And with forc'd ſmiles conceal'd his deep deſpair ;
But they ſharp ſet, their future dainties ply'd,
Half dreſt, half living, they their prize divide,
Spit quivering joynts, and what their haſte requires,
Fix their large Boylers, and increaſe their Fires ;
Then ſtretch'd at eaſe, they ſtrength returning own,
With old Wines brisk, and fatted Ven'ſon grown.

Their hunger laid, they call'd old Friends to mind,
Now to their Names in long diſcourſes kind ;
Uncertain ſtill their utmoſt Fate appears,
Uncertain all their Hopes and all their Fears :
Æneas kindly mourn'd the early Fate
Of *Amycus*, the brave *Orentes* Mate ;
Lycus, ſtout *Gyas*, bold *Cloanthus* loſt,
Or on wild Seas, or unknown Countrys toſt.

Now all was paſt, when careful *Jove* ſurvey'd
The vaſt *Dependant* Univerſe, and ſtay'd
His thoughts on *Lybian* Realms, when Loves fair Queen,
Adorn'd with Sorrows ever Charming Miene;
Her beaming Eyes with graceful Tears o'reflow'd,
She humbly thus aſſaults the thoughtful God:

O thou, whoſe word both Men and Gods controuls!
Whoſe dreadful hand the rattling Thunder rouls!
What new, what monſtrous Crimes detain my Son?
What have theſe wretched Trojan *remnants done?*
Muſt they, from Italies *doom'd Conqueſt ſtay'd,*
For that though all the World be Exiles made?
Sure once you promis'd haſting years ſhould bring
Rome's *Grandeur on, that from* Troys *Race ſhould ſpring*
Great Men, for skill in Arts, and Arms renown'd,
Their Swords with Univerſal Conqueſts crown'd.
What makes this Change? With matchleſs Patience long
I bore the Inſults of the Græcian *throng,*
I bore Troys *woful ruins, ſtill aſſur'd*
Of kinder Fates, by your firm word ſecur'd;
What are new Miſchiefs ſtill, new Plagues behind?
What bounds, Great King, muſt theſe ſtrange Labours find?

Antenor

Antenor scap'd through *Grecian* Troops, and o're
Rough threatning Seas his happy Standards bore;
He warlike Realms, and swell'd *Trinacrio* past,
Where he rolls down impetuous floods so fast,
To force the yielding Seas, where Mountain sides
Roar with the downfal of revolving Tydes:
He *Brintars* Streams with fair *Patavia* grac'd,
And there his Name and lucky Enfigns plac'd;
He there sweet Peace and happy Fortunes found;
But we, forsooth, for *Jove*'s high blood renown'd;
We who claim Heaven, trepann'd, undone by one,
One Mad, unjustly Mad, from *Latium* blown,
Our Navy's lost, is this the grand Reward
Of Goodness, these the Crowns, the Thrones prepar'd?

The Worlds Great Parent then with yielding smiles,
And that calm awful Brow which reconciles
The Jaws of Nature, kist her mournful Eyes,
And to his Daughters just Complaint replys:

Fear not, fair Queen, unmov'd the Fates remain,
Æneas *must his promis'd Empires gain,*
Found Kingdoms, and extend his dreadful Name,
Mount Heav'n at last; I still resolve the same;

Yet

Yet ſince you fear, I'le here at large unfold
Thoſe vaſt Events in Fates dark Books enroll'd:
After long Wars, and ſtubborn Realms ſubdu'd,
Your Son ſhall build fair Towns, inſtruct the Rude
Dull Natives, and till the third fatal year,
Himſelf his own Triumphant Laurels wear;
Aſcanius, *now* Iulus, Ilus *nam'd,*
While Ilium *ſtood, for peaceful* Glories *fam'd,*
Shall after thirty years long Reign, tranſlate
From the Lavinian *Town, the Regal State*
To his own Alba; *there* Troys *Sacred Race*
For full three hundred Years ſhall hold the place;
At laſt a Royal Virgin Concubine
To Mars, *with Twins ſhall grace the Reigning Line;*
Thence Romulus, *by Wolves nurſt up, ſhall take*
A ſtout Brigade, and Albar's *Walls forſake;*
Build a new Martial Fortreſs, and proclaim
Them Romans, *from his own Immortal Name;*
On them Eternal Empire I'le beſtow,
No end their Years, no bounds their Arms ſhall know;
Nay, Juno *too, whoſe active Rage purſues*
Them fiercely now, ſhall milder Counſels chuſe;

She ſhall with me the Roman *Arms allow,*
And make the ſupple World to Martial Gown-men bow.
In years to come, the Græcian *Trophys torn*
By Trojans *Arms, their Conquering Eagles born*
Through Greece, *thoſe Humbled Slaves ſhall trembling meet,*
And throw their Ancient glories at your Feet:
From Troys *old blood ſhall mighty* Cæſar *riſe,*
His Sword the Seas, his Name ſhall reach the Skies;
Julius, *from your* Julius, *him oppreſt*
With heap'd up Spoils of all the Conquer'd Eaſt,
You ſhall aſſume, and Pious Worlds ſhall load
With Vows the Altars of the riſing God;
Soft Peace ſhall then the ſtubborn VVorld ſubdue,
Devotion, Truth, Agrippa, Cæſar *too,*
Shall all the Gates of Peaceful Janus *cloſe,*
And feuds, and broils, with Pious Laws compoſe,
VVhile furious diſcord on her brazen Chain
Shall gnaſh her bloody Teeth, and roar, and foam in vain.

This ſpoke, He ſtrait ſwift *Majas* Son commands
With ſpeed to traverſe o're the *Lybian* Lands,
Through *Carthage*, and to temper *Didoes* mind,
And make them all to their new Gueſts be kind,

Leſt

Leſt they, unknowing the Decrees of Fate,
Should ſeize the *Trojans*, to ſecure the State;
Through flowing Air, he ſlides on active wings,
And down the God his welcome Meſſage brings;
The *Tyrians* ſtrait a dawning mildneſs ſhow'd:
The Queen, with gentle thoughts, her *Trojan* gueſts allow'd.
But the good Prince, with various cares oppreſt,
His thoughts unquiet, and diſturb'd his reſt:
With breaking Day goes out, reſolv'd to find
On what ſtrange Countrys toſt by raging Wind;
To ſee (for that he found thoſe Lands untill'd)
If Men, or Beaſts, thoſe Sandy Regions fill'd:
His Ships he draws beneath a gloomy Shade,
By thick ſet riſing Woods imperious made:
None but *Achates*, as his friend, he took;
His brawny Hand two weighty Javelyns ſhook.
His Mother meets him, in that wilder Shade,
Her Arms, and Habit, like ſome *Spartane* Maid;
Or bold *Hapalyce*, when ſhe leaves behind
The fleeteſt Courſers, and out-skips the Wind:
Down from her Shoulders hung her eaſy Bow,
In large looſe Curls, her wanton Treſſes flow:

Cloſe to her knees her flying Garments bound,
And firſt ſhe ſpeaks: *Hoa, Young Men! have you found*
No ſtragglers here, have you no Virgin ſeen
With Quiver girt, and ſpotted Lynxes *skin?*
Heard you no voice the foaming Boar *provoke?*
So *Venus*, then the Son of *Venus* ſpoke:
I ſaw no Virgins here, nor heard the noiſe
Of Hounds in Chaſe, nor eager Hunters voice;
O who are you, bleſt Maid, whoſe heavenly face
And powerful ſpeech, ſhews your Immortal Race?
Sure *Phœbus* Siſter *You*, or elſe of thoſe
Who that chaſte *Numens* Virgin train compoſe;
Who e're you be, O eaſe our boundleſs toyls!
Tell us what air we breath, what happy Soils
We tread, for here we wander all unknown,
On theſe wild Coaſts by dreadful Tempeſts thrown;
To you juſt Honours duly we'll return,
And Hecatombs on groaning Altars burn.
Then *Venus* with a ſober bluſh replys,
I claim no vows, deſerve no Sacrifice;
Our Quivers thus we Tyrian *Virgins bear,*
And thus high ty'd our purple Buskins wear;

You ſee Phœnician *Realms, old* Tyrians *here*
Their lofty VValls on Lybian *confines rear;*
By barbarous, ſurly Nations compaſs'd round,
Here Dido *Reigns, for her ſtrange flight renown'd*
From a falſe Brother, to rehearſe her Fate
VVere tedious, I'le ſome Heads in ſhort relate:
Her to *Sichæus* in her harmleſs Age,
Her Father did in Marriage Bonds engage:
Vaſt was his Wealth, his thriving Fates improv'd,
By his young Bride with boundleſs paſſions lov'd;
Her Brother, falſe *Pigmalion*, wore the Crown
Of *Tyre*, for matchleſs Villanies far known;
He mad with ſpite, and fatal thirſt of Ore,
Murder'd *Sichæus*, while he kneel'd before
The Sacred Altars, in himſelf ſecure
His Siſters Love would greater wrongs endure;
Long he conceal'd the Fact, and long deceiv'd
Her hopes, who all his well knit-Tales believ'd:
At laſt in Dreams the wandring Ghoſt appear'd,
His face with wounds, and clotted gore beſmear'd;
There he his naked, bleeding breaſt expos'd,
And the dark Crimes of thoſe curs'd Walls diſclos'd;

He bids her fly the Land, and ſtraight reveal'd
Vaſt Treaſures, long in ſilent Earth conceal'd:
Mov'd by theſe things, her truſty Friends unite,
And joyn with *Dido*, and aſſiſt her flight:
Some fear'd, ſome durſt the bloudy Tyrant hate,
With ſhining Gold, a ready Fleet they fraight.
Off goes *Pigmalions* hope, a Womans mind,
That gallant Act, and brave Revenge deſign'd;
They made that Land, where now huge Walls you'll ſee,
And riſing *Carthage*, in her Infancy:
A Field they bought, and did its bounds decide,
By Thongs cut finely, from a Bulls large Hide;
Then built the Cittadel, now *Byrſa* nam'd,
A word from that unuſual Purchaſe fram'd:
But You, Who? Whence are you? For what place bound?
Æneas, ſoon reply'd, with ſighs profound:
Should I, bright Nymph, of long paſt Sorrows treat,
Or the wild Annals of our Woes repeat,
E're I could half through that ſad Story run,
You'd ſee this Day cloſe with the falling Sun:
We came from Troy, *if that dear Ancient Name*
E're reach'd your Ears, born on the Wings of Fame;

Thence

Thence we, through mighty Seas and Dangers paſt,
On Lybian *Shores, by ſudden Storms were caſt :*
Æneas I, whom pious fury drew
To reſcue Gods, through Arms and Flames I flew,
And brought them off, my Fame no Age ſhall end,
I ſeek for Latium, *and from* Jove *deſcend.*
Through Phyrgian *Seas by Parent Stars convey'd,*
With twenty Ships I unknown Fates obey'd :
Scarce ſeven out-liv'd the Storm, I loſt, unknown,
Wander through Lybian *Heats and Sands alone :*
Thruſt from the fairer World. But *Venus* griev'd,
Thus, with kind Words, his urgent Griefs reliev'd.
Thoſe Gods who thee to happy *Carthage* ſent,
Who e're thou art, ſome gentler Fortunes meant ;
Go boldly on, before the Palace wait,
Attend the Queen ; I welcome news relate,
Your once loſt Friends you'll there in ſafety meet,
In that ſafe Port you'll find your ſcatter'd Fleet ;
Elſe ſure in vain I learn'd that worthleſs Skill,
By flying Birds, to read Heaven's ſecret will :
See thoſe Twelve Snowy Swans, how free they play,
Juſt now almoſt the Tyrant Eagles prey :

In various figures how they looſely fly;
Now ſweep the ground, now ſeem to reach the Sky;
Now bask and hover on a wanton wing,
Now ſoar above the Clouds and loudly ſing;
Your friends and fleet thus make the *Tyrian* Port,
Or with ſpread Sails on calmer Waters ſport;
Now as this Path directs go boldly on,
She ſpoke, when turning back, her bare Neck ſhone
With Roſy Beautys, and her Locks unbound,
And toſt, diffus'd Ambroſial odours round;
Down to her feet her Sacred Veſtments flow'd,
Her ſliding ſteps a Latent *Numen* ſhow'd.
His Mother known, He thus her flight purſu'd;
Ah! Can you then your wretched Son delude
So oft! So oft in borrow'd Shapes obſcur'd,
No Real Converſe, no Salutes aſſur'd?
Thus he complains, and on for *Carthage* goes,
When round them both the careful Goddeſs throws
A cloudy Shade, then hid from jealous eyes,
They fear'd no ſtay, no Watch, no Guards ſurprize:
To *Paphos* then, the Goddeſs pleas'd, returns,
Where Incenſe on a Thouſand Altars burns;

Where

Where her rich Fames with ecchoing Votes reſound,
Her Statues with immortal Garlands crown'd.
On go the Travellers, and with ſpeed aſcend
Thoſe ſteepy Hills whoſe hanging Brows intend
The Citys large extent, and lofty Spires:
Æneas all that huge deſign admires;
Admires the Gates, the Crouds, the well pav'd Streets,
And every where the buſy *Tyrians* meets;
Large Walls, ſtrong Towers, and ſtately Buildings riſe
With equal ſpeed, ſome binding Laws deviſe:
Some chuſe their Sacred Senate, ſome prepare
For Magiſtrates in Peace, for Chiefs in War;
Here with vaſt pains a ſpacious Port is made,
There a wide Theatres Foundations laid,
Where to decore the future Scenes, are put
Columns immenſe, from Marble Mountains cut:
Such toyls the Prudent buſy Bees employ,
When through warm Air and flowry Fields they fly;
While they lead out their luſty Swarms, or make
Their liquid ſweets a firmer ſubſtance take:
When their ſmall Cells the weighty Nectar ſtrains,
Or each relieves his weary'd Partners pains:

Or, with joynt force the Lazy Drones expel,
And their fine works grow hot, and ſpread their fragrant ſmell.
Thrice happy, theſe whom riſing Forts renown!
Æneas cry'd, when he ſurvey'd the Town:
Then walk'd full Streets, wrapt in his miſty Cloud,
Unſeen, untouch'd amidſt the thronging Croud.
Compaſs'd within the Cities Center ſtood
The Sacred Ombrage of an Aged Wood;
Where, when the *Tyrians* firſt their Oars apply'd,
Born on the Billows of a raging Tyde,
They the Horſe Head, that lucky Omen found
Of Martial Heroes, and a fertile Ground:
Here a vaſt Dome to *Juno*, *Dido* rais'd,
For Offerings made, and certain Anſwers prais'd:
Braſs were the Stairs, with Braſs the Beams were laid,
And Maſſive Gates on brazen Hinges play'd:
Here firſt kind Chance *Æneas* fears allay'd,
Here firſt with hopes of Fortunes ſmiles he pray'd;
For whilſt, with nimble Eyes he view'd the place,
The Citys Glories, and advancing Grace,
While he admir'd thoſe various Paintings, ſeen
Great Maſters Works, and there expects the Queen,

He

He finds *Troys* Walls, and Battels loſt and won,
And their fam'd Wars by boldeſt Pencils done;
He ſtood and wept, See dear *Achates* now,
Said he, our toyls the fartheſt Countrys know:
See *Priam*, ſee here Virtue finds reward,
And fierceſt Souls our common woes regard:
Fear not, this lucky ſight ſure ſafety brings.
He talk'd, and fed his thoughts on painted things;
Oft did he weep, to ſee *Troys* ſinking Walls
Now Infamous with conſtant Funerals:
Here fled the *Greeks* by *Trojan* bands oppreſs'd,
The *Phyrgians* there, there ſhone the dreadful Creſt
Of ſtern *Achilles*, next with Tears he ſpy'd
Thoſe *Thracian* Snowy Tents where *Rheſus* dy'd,
Scarce yet encamp'd, his firſt Night ſleeps he took
When in the murdering *Diomedes* broke,
And carry'd off the fatal Steeds before
They touch'd *Troys* food, or drank on *Xanthus* Shore.
Troilus diſarm'd, appear'd in haſty fight,
Unhappy Youth, and far too weak to fight
Achilles, out his Head-ſtrong Horſes flew,
The careleſs reins his dying Fingers drew:

His Curls ſwept Earth, his Necks loſt vigour fail'd,
His Spear revers'd, on duſty Pavements tray'l'd.
Then to ſevere *Minerva*'s Fame repair,
The *Trojan* Ladies with diſhchevel'd hair;
Rich Veils they offer, and with humble tears
They beat their breaſts, but ſtill the Goddeſs bears
Her angy looks, and ſtill promotes their fears.
Achilles thrice drags Valiant *Hector* ſlain,
Round *Troys* ſad Walls, and ſells his Corps for gain:
But there deep woes his fainting Soul oppreſs'd,
To view his Godlike Friends dear bleeding breaſt:
His Spoils, and begging *Priams* ſupplyant hands
Unarm'd, attend the Tyrants fierce commands.
He finds himſelf among the Dire Alarms
Of *Græcian* Chiefs, and knows the ſparkling Arms
Of brave black *Memmon*, and thoſe Warlike bands
He drew from Sun-burnt *Æthiopian* Lands.
There *Amazons* with ſhort broad Bucklers ſhone,
The bold *Pentheſilea* leads them on:
Through thickeſt Troops the fierce *Virago* flies;
Her Golden Belt beneath her breaſt ſhe ties,
And though a Maid, the ſtrongeſt Man defies.

While

While theſe the *Trojan* Prince with wonder views,
And ſadly does on well-drawn Stories Muſe;
With eager throngs the Lovely Queen appears
In State, and upward towards the Temple bears;
As when *Diana* near *Eurotas* banks,
Or flowry *Cynthus* Summons all the ranks
Of Mountain Nymphs, and proudly leads the Dance,
Her Head ſhe does above the Croud advance;
Her well-fill'd Quiver o're her Shoulder ſounds,
Latona's breaſt with ſwelling Joys abounds:
Such was fair *Dido*, ſo her ſelf ſhe bore,
Her brows the ſame Majeſtic beauties wore.
When through the Temples Nave ſhe mov'd alone,
Diſpos'd her Guards, and took the lofty Throne;
Intent on ſtrength and growing Empire, thence
She does due rights, and equal Laws diſpence:
Her Prudent Cares their proper tasks impoſe,
And each his Intereſt and Employment knows.
Here ſtraight *Æneas*, with a ſtrange ſurprize,
Antheus, *Sereſtus*, Stout *Cloanthus* ſpies,
His *Trojan* Friends, whoſe foundring Gallies torn,
To nearer Shores by rugged Winds were born;

He and *Achates* ſtood as Thunder ſtrook,
And ey'd their fellows with a faithleſs look;
They'd fain with eager arms their Friends embrace,
But ſtand ſuſpended by their doudtful caſe;
And ſhrouded ſtill in ſhady miſts, explore
What Fortunes drove them here, what friendly ſhore
They reach'd, for hither all their Heads addreſt,
And towards the Dome with ſupplyant out-crys preſt;
Acceſs and ſpeech obtain'd, and ſilence broke,
Ilioneus with ſober boldneſs ſpoke:

Bleſt Queen, whom Mighty Jove *permits to build*
A State, to whom the ſtubborn Natives yield;
Your Grace, poor Troy, *half wreck'd by Tempeſts, claims,*
To ſave their Navys, and divert the Flames:
Pitty our Woes, O ſpare a grateful Race!
We ne're could Lybian *Fames or Gods deface;*
Our Piracys ne're plagu'd your peaceful Coaſt,
Such Pride, or Power, few vanquiſh'd Exiles boaſt;
A Land there is, by Greeks, Heſperia *nam'd,*
For Arms, Antiquities, and Plenty fam'd;
OEnotrians *held it once, but Moderns all.*
This Italy *from ſome great Captain call.*

Hither

Hither we ſteer'd our Courſe----
When a ſtrong ſudden Flaw, and Hoaming Seas,
Our trembling Fleet with uncouth Furies ſeize:
And o're blind Rocks, and Shelves, and Quick-ſands toſt,
Some poor remains made this inhumane Coaſt:
What Climes, what Men ſuch Barbarous Cuſtoms uſe?
What Jealons Bruits would the bare Beach refuſe
To drowning Men? Though none Revenge it here,
You may Juſt Gods, and pointed Thunders fear.
Æneas was our Prince, Divinely good,
Divinely Juſt, though nurs'd in Wars and Bloud,
Whoſe Glorious life, if kinder Fates have ſpar'd,
Fear not, your favours he'll at large reward:
In Sicily *the good* Aceſtes *Reigns,*
And there our Trojan *Race, and Arms maintains;*
Let's but Careen, and ſtop our Leaks, and take
New Sails and Oars, and we'll new Ventures make;
May we but find our Prince and Mates, we'll try
The Seas once more, once more to Latium *ply;*
But if our Hopes are loſt, if angry Seas
No bloud but thine, Dear gallant Prince, can pleaſe,

Aſcanius too, we'll find a nearer ſeat,
And to *Aceſtes* peaceful Realms retreat:
He ſpoke, the reſt with murmuring Votes comply'd,
When thus the Queen with Modeſt looks reply'd:

Trojans, throw off your fears, renounce your cares,
Concerns of Empires, and impending Wars;
Compel theſe Guards, and force the jealous throng
To Watch their Coaſts, and make their Frontiers ſtrong;
Who, has not Great Ænæas, Troys *fam'd Town,*
Their mighty Wars, and daring Heroes known?
Our Souls are not ſo dull, nor does the Sun
At ſuch vaſt diſtance from our Carthage *run;*
Whether for Latium *ſtill your purpoſe ſtands,*
Or where Aceſtes *ſpacious Realms Commands:*
With Arms, or Treaſures we'll aſſiſt your claim,
Or could you at no greater Conqueſts aim?
You ſee the Bounders of this riſing Town,
Chuſe where you pleaſe, 'tis free, 'tis all your own:
Lay up your Fleet, we'll no diſtinctions make,
Our own with you ſhall equal hopes partake.
May theſe ſame Storms have forc'd your King to Land
Within our bounds, we'll ſome light Troops command

To ſcour the Coaſts, if he in deſart Groves,
Or barren Wilds, or meaner Hamlets roves.

Rais'd by theſe words, the brave *Achates* bow'd,
And good *Æneas* long'd to break the Cloud,
When firſt *Achates* ſpeaks; *Great Goddeſs Son,*
What now remains? What may be fitly done?
You ſee all's well, your Fleet your Friends receiv'd,
Your Navy's but of one ſmall Ship bereav'd;
Which we our ſelves did bilg'd and ſinking ſee,
The reſt all with your Mothers words agree.

Scarce had he ſpoke when ſtraight dark Clouds diffuſe,
And gently vaniſh into riſing Dews;
The Prince ſtood forth like ſome deſcending God,
His looks Majeſtic, and his Shoulders broad,
His fair large Curls his Mothers Loves inveſt,
His ruddy Cheeks a Youthful bloom expreſt,
His piercing Eyes with powerful beams command;
Such Beauty adds the curious Artiſts Hand
To poliſh'd Ivory, ſuch bright Silver wears,
Such *Parian* Marble fix'd in Gold appears.
Then he Salutes the Queen, the reſt amaz'd
With Wonder, on the ſudden Viſion gaz'd;

When

When thus he ſpeaks; *I* Troys *Ænæas here,*
Snatch'd from devouring Waves, juſt nam'd appear;
O Queen, whoſe pittying Soul alone we find
To Troys *ſtrange woes and wretched out-caſts kind!*
You who receive us, plagu'd by waſting Wars,
By Lands and Seas, whom angry Fortune bars
From Cities, Houſes all, our humble Fate,
Nay, the Dardanian *Worlds united State*
Are all inſolvent, may thoſe Powers above,
Thoſe Gods who Pious Minds and Actions love;
May your own pleas'd reflecting Soul repay
This vaſt oppreſſing Debt, what ſmiling Day?
What Demi-Gods could give ſuch Virtues Birth?
While Mountain heights ſhall ſhade inferiour Earth;
While Rivers ſhall to Parent Seas incline,
And Beamy Stars around the Pole ſhall ſhine;
Where e're I go juſt Fame ſhall Garlands give,
Ever your fair Renown, and happy Name ſhall live.
This ſaid, his Friend *Ilioneus* he ſhook
With his Right Hand, the Left *Sereſtus* took;
Then Honeſt *Gyas*, Stout *Cloanthus* too,
And all the reſt, ſtruck with that Fatal view;

Fair

Fair *Dido* mus'd at thoſe dark Fates which lead
Him through ſuch Hazards, and at laſt ſhe ſaid,
What Ills, great Goddeſs Son, your ſteps purſue?
What force among blind Rocks and Whirlpools threw?
Are you that Prince whom Love-ſick Venus *bore*
To Troys Anchiſes, *near* Scamanders *Shore?*
That fam'd Æneas *? I remember well*
When ill us'd Teucer *into Exile fell;*
He, yet in Queſt of Crowns, to Sidon *came,*
And did kind aids from mighty Belus *claim:*
My Father Belus *then laid* Cyprus *waſte;*
Juſt then his Laws the yielding Iſle embrac'd:
I from thoſe years your Trojan *Fortunes knew,*
And Græcian *Princes, and had heard of you:*
Nay, though no Friend, he oft the Trojans *prais'd,*
And own'd himſelf from their old Lineage rais'd.
Then welcome Friends, accept your Quarters here,
I the ſame Wounds of angry Fortune bear,
Here fix'd at laſt; extremes of ills I know,
And thence more kind to ſuffering Strangers grow.

Thus ſhe diſcours'd, then takes the Princes Hand,
Leads towards the Palace, and by ſtrict Command,
That Day for Solemn Rites and Sacred Games ordain'd.
Then her large Bounty to their abſent Friends,
Brisk Wines, and Twenty Shining Oxen ſends;
Twice Fifty Porkers, and a hundred Lambs
Well fed, and follow'd by their thriving Dams.

At home they Feaſts in ſpacious Halls provide,
And large back Rooms adorn with Regal pride;
Their Beds rich Quilts, and Crimſon Carpets ſpread,
At Board expos'd on Maſſive Plate, they read
In lively Sculpture gallant Acts deſign'd,
And *Tyres* Old Pedegrees at large they find:
All Ancient Heroes, whoſe Eternal Race
In their old Annals claim the nobleſt place.

Æneas now Paternal Cares embrac'd,
And ſends *Achates* off to Port in haſte,
To bear *Aſcanius* this delightful news,
(*Aſcanius* whom his anxious Love purſues)
And ſhow him thence to Court; He bids him take
Some Preſents, ſnatch'd from *Troys* laſt flames, to make

The Queen a Veſt, enchas'd with bold deſign,
In Gold a Veil, around whoſe borders twine
Fair Purple Sprigs, and Trails, rich Garments worn
By *Helen* once, by her from *Argos* born;
When *Troys* fair Realms, and Lawleſs Loves ſhe ſought,
The whole to wonder by her Mother wrought;
That *Verge* which *Priams* Eldeſt Daughter bore,
Her Chains of Pearl, that weighty Crown ſhe wore
Beſet with *Orient* Gems; thus charg'd alone,
Achates ſwiftly to the Fleet is gone.

But *Venus* now new Acts, new Counſels trys,
How ſhe might *Cupid* for the Boy diſguiſe;
Who with thoſe gifts, his pointed Shafts might uſe,
And Loves ſwift Fires through her ſoft Soul diffuſe:
She fears falſe *Carthage*, and their wavering State,
And always Dreams of *Juno*'s watchful hate;
Then to Wing'd Love She thus her mind expreſs'd:

Dear Son, in whom my ſtrength and Empire reſt,
Who ſcorn'ſt Jove's *Thunders, a poor ſupplyant I,*
Thy Mother, to thy greater Numen *fly;*
How Juno's *ſpite purſues* Ænæas *ſtill,*
Thy Brother, all to pleaſe her Head-ſtrong Will,

Thou know'ſt, and oft with me haſt kindly griev'd,
By *Tyrian Didoes* ſeeming ſmiles reliev'd;
On her kind words he reſts, but I ſtill fear
Fierce *Juno* can't her reſtleſs ſpleen forbear;
Therefore the Queen I'd with *true flames* inveſt,
And fix *Æneas* in her yielding breaſt,
Of Hers, as my Immortal Loves poſſeſt.
Hear then how I've that whole Affair deſign'd,
That boy, to whom my preſent cares confin'd,
Sent for to *Carthage*, is with Care diſpatch'd,
With gifts from Storms, and *Troys* laſt Ruins ſnatch'd:
Him on *Cythera*'s Top entranc'd I'll keep,
Or lay him in *Idalian* Shades aſleep.
No Eye, no Art ſhall break the fine deceit;
Thou for one Night alone ſhalt act the *Cheat*;
Thou ever Young ſhalt wear his Youthful face,
And with kind Arms receive the Queens embrace;
Her Claps, her Kiſſes, and her fondeſt Smiles,
When Royal Luxury and Wine beguiles;
Then in her glowing Breaſt ſoft Loves inſpire,
And ſubtle Poyſons, and reſiſtleſs Fire.

Cupid

Cupid obeys, and casts his Wings aside,
And Acts *Ascanius* with a Childish Pride;
Kind *Venus* now with gentle sleeps compos'd
Ascanius, and her own soft Arms enclos'd
The Dear Lov'd Boy, and on calm Winds convey'd,
Him in *Idalian* Groves she softly laid,
Where Herbs, and Flowers, design'd a fragrant Shade.
For *Carthage* next obsequious *Cupid* hy'd,
Pleas'd with his Presents, and his trusty Guide.
He come, on a rich Couch the Queen was laid,
By the lofty Canopy Majestic made,
Her place the Chief; Then good *Æneas* comes,
And Jovial *Trojan* Captains fill the rooms.
On Crimson Carpets stretch'd at ease they lye,
The quick officious Servants waiting by,
And first gave Water, then dispos'd the Bread,
And round large Tables *Sleasy Napkins* spread;
Fifty clean Maids within contriv'd the board,
And with sweet flames the Houshold Gods ador'd;
An hundred, match'd with Boys of equal Age,
To bring in Meat, and fill their Cups engage;

The *Tyrians* too, to Court in Troops convene,
And at the Feaſt on *Painted Pallets* lean:
All praiſe thoſe preſents made, and all admire
The feigned *Julius*, and that vived Fire
Which dy'd his Cheeks, his pretty Childiſh Tales,
The Veſt and Veil, trimm'd round with purple Trails.
The Queen, bewitch'd, a reſtleſs mind expreſs'd,
Her longing eyes fix'd on the fatal peſt,
Both by his Gifts, and unknown Charms oppreſt.
About *Æneas* Neck the fondling twines,
And to ſtrange Loves his cheated Sire inclines:
Then to the Queen he runs, her Eyes, her Soul
Hugg'd in her Arms, his ſubtle Arts controul:
She ne're ſuſpects the God, but he ſtill minds
His Mothers task, himſelf he ſoftly winds
Into her eaſy Heart, with new rais'd Loves
The Ideas of her once lov'd Lord removes,
And dying Heats, and languid Flames improves.
Eating now paſt, the tedious Feaſt was done,
The mighty Bowls with flowing Wines they Crown:
A cheerful noiſe fills all the Palace round
With Jolly Shouts, the vaulted Cielings ſound;

In

In branching Gold the glaring Flambeaux ſtand,
And a new day with numerous Lights command.
Then *Dido*, in a Golden Bowl infus'd
Pure Wine, the Maſſive piece old *Belus* us'd;
And *Belus* Heirs, all ſtill, and huſh'd appear'd,
When thus the Queens auſpicious Votes were heard:
Great Jove, *who firſt gav'ſt Hoſpitable Laws,*
Who lov'ſt the Exiles, and the Strangers Cauſe;
Long may this happy day be kept in mind,
And prove to Tyrians, *and to* Trojans *kind;*
Bacchus *be here, and* Juno *pleas'd and kind,*
And you, my Tyrian *Friends, to Mirth and Peace inclin'd.*
She ſpoke, and o're the Board ſome Drops ſhe threw,
And through her Lips the ſcarce kiſt Verges drew,
Then gave't to *Bitias*, with a chiding haſt,
Down his wide Throat the pleaſing *Potion* Swinger paſt
At one huge Draught, then round the Goblet went,
And various Healths the meary Chiefs invent.
Unſhorn *Jopas* to his Harp begun,
And what his Maſter *Atlas* taught him ſung;
He ſung the Sun and Moons large courſe, and whence
Men, Birds and Beaſts, did their firſt forms commence;

Whence

Whence Thunders Roar, and what produc'd the Rain,
The riſing Hyades, and *Charles*'s Waine;
The Pole Stars Motions, and what makes the Day
So ſoon in Winters waſte, ſo long in Summers ſtay.
Tyrians and *Trojans* both applaud the Song;
Unhappy *Dido* does the Night prolong
With new diſcourſe, touch'd with Loves Fatal Stings,
She wildly asks a Thouſand ſenſeleſs things,
Of *Priam*, *Hector*, and *Aurora*'s Son,
What Arms he wore, what Steeds *Tydides* won
From ſlaughter'd *Rheſus*, then how ſtrong, how brave
The fear'd *Achilles*; nay, Dear Gueſt, we'll crave
Your Story whole, ſaid ſhe, The *Græcian* Wiles,
Troys Downfal, and your own Perplexing Toyls;
For now Seven Years are paſt, ſince firſt you try'd
Coaſts all unknown, and adverſe Wind and Tyde.

The End of the Firſt Book.